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The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

Vol. XLVIII NOVEMBER, 1939 No. 5

COURAGE FOR THE DAY

I shall not fear tomorrow, but will go
Straight onward o'er the path that I must tread;
I shall not doubt tomorrow, though I know
There will be obstacles in path ahead.
I shall not doubt tomorrow, but shall pray,
"God give me courage for the task today!"

—*Clipped.*

BASEMENT OR SUNLIT ROOMS, WHICH?

A LECTURER was speaking about the great masterpieces of art which he was illustrating with a stereopticon machine. At one point, he was showing Holman Hunt's great picture, "The Light of The World." This picture was greeted with reverent silence which it so much deserves. A little lad, who was sitting near his father, broke the silence when he said, "Daddy, why don't they let Jesus in?" The father, no doubt in reverence, whispered, "I don't know." A little later the boy spoke again and said, "Daddy, I know why they don't let Jesus in; they live in the basement and they can't hear Him knock."

It is a sad fact that too many people all about us live in the basement of their lives and can't hear Jesus knock. They live below their privilege and cannot hear the voice which comes from above, or catch the glorious sunlight from the sunlit rooms.

Fish that live in dark places lose the power of seeing. If all sound was removed, animals would lose the power of hearing. The same thing is true of all people who live in the basement. Their hearing and vision are ruined and hence no matter how loud a voice is speaking, the voice is left unheeded.

I desire to point out some of these basements in which people live, and some of the sunlit rooms in which they might live. First, there are those who live in the basement of fear. There is nothing so much to be feared as fear. It breeds distress and discontent to all who come that way. Fear will not permit us to look upward, but we are led downward instead. We fear to step into the great sunlit rooms of God where we may hear the voice that calls us to better things. I have been speaking of abject fear and not of that fear in which God is held in reverence and awe. The one is the fear of the slave but the other is the fear of the freeman of God.

Then again, there are those who live in the basement of selfishness. This is a cardinal sin that destroys our hearing and vision of what God has to impart to us, and all of us need to go into the confessional together and there acknowledge before God our shortcomings. He will cleanse our hearts from greed and give us a new outlook on life. The spirit of the blessed Christ is for others and not for self. Our Lord said, I am come not to do mine own will but the will of Him who sent me.

The keynote of the person who would do the will of God must be, first of all, love God supremely, next work for the interest of those about him. There is a false note that is sounded loudly today and that note is, "Look out for number one." I believe in looking out for number one, but I also believe that the best way to do this is to work for others. It is by giving that we receive and not by hoarding. Spiritual arithmetic works in the opposite way to secular arithmetic. Add-

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ing is subtracting and subtracting is adding with God. The sooner that we learn the method of spiritual arithmetic the sooner we will leave the basements of our lower selves.

The next basement in which some people live is the basement of greed. This is closely allied to that of selfishness and entails many of the same results. This basement may be lined with gold and a person who lives there may be clothed in purple, fine linen, and fare sumptuously each day and yet be a failure. The trouble with this basement and its surroundings is that the things gathered will not last when the testing time comes. It was said of one who had thus gloated on that which he had gathered, that he said to his soul, soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many days, eat, drink and be merry. Then it was said to him, thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee.

It is not wrong to gather material things, but to set the heart on the things gathered compels us to live in the basement where the things gathered will soon pass away. There is nothing sure in this old world, but God and His everlasting truth.

Come, let us move out of these basements of fear, selfishness, and greed and move into the sunlit rooms where we can hear the knocking and pleading of the Lord of life for an entrance. God never intended for any one to live in the basements of the lower self. He has better places for us.

Come, let us move into the sunlit room of faith. O, I know that this is an old subject, yet it is still potent with life and power to all who will use it. Many times, people make too much of a mystery out of faith, whereas it is simple and easy to use when used as God intended. Is it mysterious when a babe lies in peaceful slumber on a mother's bosom after hours of pain and fretting? The child has faith that mother's love covers all its need. When we move out of the basement into the sunlit room of faith in God we are connected up with the Eternal and there we can know no need, for God's love covers all our need as a mother's love covers all the need of the child. Do you really believe this? If so, then you have moved out of the basement of fear, selfishness and greed.

Come, let us move out of the basement into the sunlit room of fellowship with God and one another. Take fellowship out of life and there is but little left that is worth using. It is the very essence of living when we have fellowship with God and with one another. It is like the life current that flows through the body giving vigor and life to this body in which we move. Fellowship with God brings us in touch with Him so that we may know from experience that He loves us. Remember that we must be in fellowship with God and not God in fellowship with us, at the beginning. No person can be in harmony with God and not with those about him.

I dare say that many have had the experience of kneeling before God and trying there to offer a gift so that they might have fellowship with Him. At the same time, they have felt a restraint and that the fellowship was not complete. This was true because at the time of prayer there was enmity toward some one. How could they expect to have their prayer answered and a fellowship experienced when there was enmity toward some one whom God loved? We must wish friend and foe alike nothing but good. Amen.

—Nelson Miles Heikes
in *Granite State News.*

A good deed is never lost.—*Brooks.*

HE IS AN AMERICAN

He is an American.

He hears an airplane overhead, and if he looks up at all does so in curiosity, neither in fear nor in the hope of seeing a protector.

His wife goes marketing, and her purchases are limited by her needs, her tastes, her budget, but not by decree.

He comes home of an evening through streets which are well lighted, not dimly in blue.

He reads his newspaper and knows that what it says is not concocted by a bureau, but an honest, untrammeled effort to present the truth.

He has never had a gas mask on.

He has never been in a bombproof shelter.

His military training, an R. O. T. C. course in college, he took because it excused him from the gym course, and it was not compulsory.

He belongs to such fraternal organizations and clubs as he wishes.

He adheres to a political party to the extent that he desires—the dominant one, if that be his choice, but with the distinct reservation that he may criticize any of its policies with all the vigor which to him seems proper—any other, as his convictions dictate, even, if it be his decision, one which holds that the theory of government of the country is wrong and should be scrapped.

He does not believe, if his party is out of power, that the only way in which it can come into power is through a bloody revolution.

He converses with friends, even with chance acquaintances, expressing freely his opinion on any subject, without fear.

He does not expect his mail to be opened between posting and receipt, nor his telephone to be tapped.

He changes his place of dwelling, and does not report so doing to the police.

He has not registered with the police.

He carries an identification card only in case he should be the victim of a traffic accident.

He thinks of his neighbors across international borders; of those to the north as though they were across a State line, rather than as foreigners; of those to the south more as strangers, since they speak a language different from his, and with the knowledge that there are now matters of difference between his Government and theirs, but of neither with an expectancy of war.

He worships God in the fashion of his choice, without let.

His children are with him in his home, neither removed to a place of greater safety, if young, nor, if older, ordered ready to serve the state with sacrifice of limb or life.

He has his problems, his troubles, his uncertainties, but all others are not overshadowed by the imminence of battle and sudden death.

He should struggle to preserve his Americanism with its priceless privileges.

He is a fortunate man.

He is an American.

—Editorial from the New York Sun.

CHURCH BELLS

The church bells do not sound the same,
To boys like me who live so high,
For when they ring they seem to say,
There is a church up in the sky.

And if there is—I wonder then
Who goes to it? Perhaps the sun—
And does the man inside the moon
Call stars to come in one by one?

And is this church made out of clouds,
Where sky friends like to go each day.
And all the bells so sweetly call,
The sun and moon and stars to pray?

And when at night our church bells ring,
My little prayer has just been said,
Then I hear voices in the bells,
That sing and sing around my bed.

"Good-night! Good-night!" the voices say,
"The world is full of love—of love—"
And then the moon smiles in at me,
While stars are shining up above.

—Emilie Blackmore Stapp.

CORRESPONDENCE AND APPEALS

MISS ETHEL H. STUDLEY, *Chairman*
56 School Street, Hingham, Mass.

If you wish to become a member of this Department, please send the Chairman the following information:

Your name, age and address (give your name in full, also your husband's first name); names and ages of your children; or, if you are not married, names and ages of your brothers and sisters; name and address of your minister.

State clearly whether you wish (1) to correspond with someone; (2) to study by mail; (3) to appeal for some article on our approved list, which does not include money or clothing.

Be sure to give all the information requested.

When a correspondent moves to a new address, notice must be sent to the Chairman of this Department.

DO YOU WANT A CORRESPONDENT?

Send the necessary information to the chairman of this department. Do not apply to anyone else. If you already have a correspondent, please do not ask for another. Do not send appeals for any articles if you have a regular correspondent; ask her for what you want. If you want things for your children, tell us their names and ages.

CORRESPONDENCE

Waiting to be adopted:

39. Age 20. Arkansas. A young married woman who has no children.

40. Age 65. Virginia. A mother of eight grown-up children.

41. Age 46. Pennsylvania. A mother of seven children, from four to twenty years old.

42. Age 28. Tennessee. A divorced mother of three small children.

43. Age 18. Arkansas. A newly married young woman with no children.

44. Age 37. North Carolina. A mother of three children aged four, ten, and fourteen.

45. Age 46. Maryland. A mother of five children from three to fifteen years old.

46. Age 35. Arkansas. A mother of three boys, four, ten and fifteen years old. "We love our little home."

47. Age 44. Virginia. A widow who has two older sons and four children from nine to nineteen years old.

48. Age 53. North Carolina. A mother of ten children, from eleven to thirty-six years old.

49. Age 35. Tennessee. A mother of five children from one to nineteen years old.

50. Age 22. North Carolina. A young married woman who has no children.

51. Age 30. Tennessee. A mother of three children aged eight, ten and twelve.

52. Age 19. Virginia. A young married woman who has no children.

CHRISTMAS CARDS

The Brookline (First Parish) branch will send packages of old Christmas cards to those desiring them. Apply to Miss Martha Suter, Sherborn, Mass.

APPEALS

Quilt pieces, sugar bags, toys and reading matter are always in demand. If chairmen have reading matter, it will help a great deal if they will state for what ages the material is suitable. They should also state how many names they can supply with each kind of article. They should not send anything to anyone who is not on their own list.

DROPPING A CORRESPONDENT

No chairman should drop a correspondent without good reason, and that reason should be sent to the chairman of this department to be recorded on the file card. If a correspondent is dropped through no fault of her own, she may be adopted by some other branch; but if she is dropped because she does not answer letters or acknowledge packages, or because she asks for things which we are not allowed to send, it would seem to be unfair to another branch to assign her again. Therefore correspondents must keep up their share of the writing, and chairmen must send in definite reports.

RURAL SCHOOLS

An encouraging feature of the work with rural schools is the willingness of Committee Chairmen to continue, and in many cases to increase, their activities along this line. Surely one of the greatest needs of the present time is a higher ethical standard in our national life. What better contribution can we make to this end than to assist the teachers in their work of educating the citizens of tomorrow! Naturally, teachers in small schools in isolated places need this help most of all. Especially helpful seems to be the establishment of small libraries in these schools, which often serve the whole community. Much appreciation is expressed for what has been done in this way in the past.

Will *Cheerful Letter* Chairmen please note that Christmas packages should be started not later than December 1st, since many schools close for vacation by the 10th.

MARIE W. JOHNSON, *Chairman.*

A detached point of view is a wonderful thing
For it doesn't detach one from others.
The less I'm wrapped up in my personal life
The closer I get to my brothers.

—*Cheerful Cherub.*

THE LIBERTY BELL

TOWARD the end of 1751, the Pennsylvania Assembly ordered a bell from England. It was to be "a good bell, of about 2000 pounds weight," and to cost about 100 pounds sterling. It was to be inscribed with the words: "By order of the Assembly of the Province of Pennsylvania, for the State House in the City of Philadelphia, 1752," and the quotation from the Bible: "Proclaim liberty through all the land to all the inhabitants thereof" (Leviticus XXV. 10).

The bell was made by Thomas Lister, of Whitechapel, London, and sent to Philadelphia. The bell broke in ringing after its arrival. Plans were made for sending it back to England, but the return of the bell was delayed. During the wait, two American workmen, John Pass and Charles Stow, Jr., were permitted to melt and remold the bell.

When the Pass and Stow bell was tried out in April, 1753, it developed that they had added too much copper, and the tone of the bell was not satisfactory. They made another casting to remedy the defects. In the American casting the inscription was slightly changed. Certain words and characters were omitted or abbreviated, and others (in Biblical quotation) extended, using "throughout" for "through," and "unto" for "to." In connection with the inscription, it is interesting to note that the name of the Province is written "Pensylvania," a misspelling of the word.

The Liberty Bell is now on display in the old State House in Philadelphia. A printed card beside it states, in part: "It rang on the 8th of July, 1776, to call citizens together to hear the proclamation of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence. In the adjoining yard it rang at each successive anniversary of the adoption of the Declaration until 1835. It broke July 8, that year, while tolling during the funeral solemnities of John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States. . . ."

The Liberty Bell, then, was made in England, and re-made in America.

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

MOSLEM ARAB WOMEN OF JERUSALEM

LIKE the Jews with their Hebrew, the Arab people of Palestine are closely knit together by language.

For the present Arab-speaking inhabitants are of Hittite, Coptic, Greek, Italian, Lebanese, Ethiopian, and many other strains, and it is their common language that binds them to the inhabitants of surrounding Arab-speaking lands.

It is also true that there is a deep division between the Moslem Arabs of the towns, who have been profoundly influenced by the Turks, and the fellahin, or peasant farmers, who have preserved their characteristics with less change. There also persists a vast gulf between the settled fellahin and the wandering Bedawin (Bedouin), or desert-dwelling Arabs, who come and go, putting up their black hair tents wherever there is a little herbage for their beasts.

The women-folk belonging to these different divisions reflect in their dress and habits even more strongly than do the men the differences between the thoughts and customs of their groups.

It is clear that the status of Moslem women has deteriorated in many ways during the lapse of centuries since Mohammed's own day, for according to one eminent authority, Mohammed "was probably the greatest champion of women's rights the world has ever seen."

He dismissed unlimited polygamy and reduced the number of wives a man might have to four. This right to four wives persists to this day, but is seldom made use of.

The veiling of women was not practiced in Mohammed's lifetime, nor for centuries after his passing. In his day Moslem women were free to act as lawyers, and even to lecture in the Mosques —activities which would now be unthinkable. The freedom from veiling has persisted among the fellahin or peasant population to this day.

Well-bred Moslem women of this region never go out into the streets of a town except wearing black outer clothing, and with a heavy veil over the face. This custom is said to have been adopted first by the wives of Baghdad Caliphs and the great ladies about the courts, and to have spread downwards and outwards. "It was first made law by the Caliph Al Qadir Billah (eleventh century), who ordered that women must wear a veil, when mixing with men and appearing in the mosque or other public places," an authority says.

Women of all ages will lift the veil if no men appear to be near them in the streets. Others will unveil themselves in the company of English people or other nationalities or even among Christian Arabs, and greatly appreciate the temporary freedom. A number of Moslem girls in Jerusalem unveiled on marriage with the consent of their husbands during the years 1936-37, but the disturbances have checked this progress, and made veiling more general, even some Christian women in outlying districts having adopted the veil as a protection.

The weight of tradition is very great, and Moslem women still live in a state of semi-subjection to their male relatives, and are themselves slow to demand the greater freedom which their religion would justify. They love freedom and beautiful clothes as we all do, and through their reading have been profoundly influenced by European thought. The dress worn by women in an upper-class Arab home is completely European, though unusually bright, as if to offset the somberness of their street attire.

The fact that they are veiled prevents Moslem women from undertaking all the best paid types of work, except teaching in schools for girls or young children. In Government Arab schools the use of the veil by teachers is obligatory, not only when they are on their way to or from school, but when they are off duty. If this were not so, most Moslem parents would keep their daughters at home. These schools are attended almost entirely by Moslem girls, for Christian parents naturally prefer to send their daughters to definitely Christian schools.

In looks Arab women resemble French and Italians. Their complexions are mostly olive, with a rosy bloom in youth; their eyes are brown or hazel, with beautifully penciled eyebrows. Their dark hair is frequently curly. They are usually well built and of medium height. Many of the town dwellers have a certain aristocratic bearing which adds to their dignity.

Most of the cultured Arab women, in addition to Arabic, speak good French, and many of the younger ones speak some English. English is not compulsory in the Government schools, and is, therefore, by no means universal, but there are a few very good schools in the country under English direction. It is said that Moslem women take an active part behind the scenes in the politics of their day, serving the national cause by every means in their power.

There is at present regrettably little social intercourse between either Moslem or Christian Arabs, and English or Jews, so that there is not much opportunity of acquiring fluency in foreign languages or of broadening the views.

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

The minister had illustrated his sermon by saying that a beneficent wisdom knows which of us grows best in sunlight and which of us must have shade. "You know you plant roses in the sunshine," said he; "but if you want your fuchsias to grow, they must be kept in a shady nook."

After his sermon, which he trusted would be a comforting one, a woman came up to him, her face glowing with a pleasure that was evidently deep and true. "Oh, Dr. Throckmorton," she said, "I'm so very grateful for that splendid sermon!" And she clasped his hand and shook it warmly.

His heart glowed for a moment, while he wondered what tender place in her heart and life he had touched. But it was only for a minute.

"Yes," she went on, fervently, "I never knew before just what was the matter with my fuchsias!"

PRE-THANKSGIVING FAMILY FUN

In one home, where games are part of the fun of the family Thanksgiving, contests are arranged shortly before the season arrives. The children like to see how many words they can make out of the letters used in spelling "Thanksgiving Day." The letters may, of course, be rearranged in any way.

Another contest they like consists in naming things for which they are thankful, each thing to begin with a letter of the words "Thanksgiving Day."

It is fun, too, to set a table with things that begin with the letters of the words, "Thanksgiving Day."

Sometimes they write merry little jingles and take a family vote to determine the best. —Clipped.

THANKSGIVING ENIGMAS

1. I am a sentence with 20 letters. 14, 10, 15, 8 and 5: places to live. 6, 13, 18, 6 and 7: something in your mouth. 4, 14, 10, 19, 9, 12, 3 and 11: a part of your body. 1, 19, 16 and 17: purchases.

2. I am a sentence with 26 letters. 4, 24, 11, 16 and 25: large. 10, 13, 6, 8 and 14: respect. 5, 21, 23, 14, 22, 1 and 7: best loved. 26, 2, 17 and 19: part of a sword. 4, 5, 18 and 12: a bird. 20, 5, 3 and 9: search.

(Answers next month)

NO UNBELIEF

There is no unbelief;
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod—
He trusts in God.

Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,
"Be patient heart, light cometh by and by,"
Trusts the Most High.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep. —*Unidentified.*

THE TEACHER'S PRAYER

By AGNES CARR

Dear Lord, send me an understanding great
To guide these children here;
Each one so very different from his mate;
Help me, in phrases clear
To lead their minds along the eager ways
Of knowledge and of truth;
Let me each hour through the coming days,
See all the good in youth!

Dear Lord, I pray give me a generous share
Of patience for my task;
That kindly I may be and always fair,
This gift I humbly ask.
I need much wisdom for the year I face,
Cool judgment every day;
Dear Lord, in goodly measure send Thy Grace,
And bless my work, I pray!

—*Selected.*

FESTIVAL OF FLOWERS

TO be in Holland at tulip time is like the flowering of a long-hidden fancy.

Showers, brilliant sunshine, cooling breezes, and rolling masses of white foaming clouds make the Netherlands landscape a picture of spring beauty. Each day is such as Ruysdael and Hobbema have immortalized for us.

It was just such a Sunday morning that we left The Hague rather early for the country villages of Lisse and Hillegom. Not far from the city, and as soon as the country "opened up" we saw flashing before us field upon field of flaming tulips. Bright yellows, reds, deep blues and purple and soft pinks, all blended into a brilliant mosaic of color.

We sat down at the edge of one of these fields and watched the changing colors as scurrying clouds cast their shadows here and there upon the fields below. It was like a scintillating tapestry woven into a perfect pattern of floral beauty.

But soon there was increasing activity everywhere. The quiet hush of a spring morning was gone. At close intervals "tulip farmers" were hanging long yellow daffodil chains on poles and placing bouquets of tulips and hyacinths on impromptu stands. Children were rushing back and forth with their baskets of flowers, eagerly beseeching passersby to purchase their bouquets. To have one bouquet already seemed to make no difference. Only an armful convinced them one could manage no more. And before long car after car passed by, "dressed up" with large daffodil chains draped over their hoods. An occasional car even had daffodil chains along its sides.

Large buses were parking in open spaces. Some bore the names of Brussels and other Belgian cities, while others had come from not too distant German and Danish places.

We moved on into the village of Lisse. Here big banners were gaily waving "Bloemenfest."

This Sunday was a very special one. It was the "Festival of Flowers."

We motored on to Hillegom and on through one gay little village after another, and before the afternoon was too far spent we had reached the charming old city of Haarlem, the very center of the tulip country. Here we walked up and down its old curving streets (how jolly Frans Hals must have loved them!) and looked into the prim little gardens surrounding each house.

There were flowers everywhere. In the marketplaces, in the windows looking out at us gaily, and in the gardens so alive with cheer and color.

But soon we could see no more. Night was quietly but surely closing in on this festive day of flowers. It was then that we thought of our own little garden so far away in the hills of New Hampshire, and we resolved then and there that when we returned to it this fall we would "tuck in" a few more bulbs so as to have tulip time with us each spring.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Cottage or cream cheese moistened with orange juice makes a delicious filling for peach or pear salads.

CONSUMMATION

The lark that soars to sing with God
Was bosomed on the lowly sod;
The violet's fragrance at its birth
Burst from a prison in the earth;
The caterpillar on the ground
The key to resurrection found;
And from its tomb a butterfly
Went fluttering upward to the sky.

So man, though fashioned from the dust,
Holds an immortal soul in trust,
That, reaching upward from the sod,
May seek and find its way to God.

—*Alfred I. Tooke.*

CURTAIN PULL

Crochet hook No. 5 or 6. A bone ring, 1 inch in diameter. Crochet cotton, size 5.

* Make 15 sc in ring, ch 10, turn, skip 5 sc, sl st in next sc, turn, and in loop make: 5 sc, ch 3, p, 3 sc, p, 3 sc, p, 5 sc. Sc in bone ring, ch 6, turn, sc in 1st p, ch 8, skip 1 p, sc in next p, ch 6, sl st in base of first ch 10 loop, turn. In ch 6 loop make: 1 sc, 9 dc, 1 sc. In ch 8 loop make: 1 sc, 14 dc, 1 sc. In ch 6 loop, make: 1 sc, 9 dc, 1 sc. This completes one petal. Repeat from * once more, but joining with sl st the 5th dc of the 1st ch 6 loop to the 5th dc of previous petal. Make a 3d petal in same way as 2d petal was made. Then make 9 sc in bone ring, join to 1st sc with sl st. Do not break off but continue for cord as follows: Make a chain to measure 18 inches long, turn, and make sc in each ch. Double cord and fasten end at center of ring. Break off.

—*Boston Globe.*

WHAT SHALL YOU SAY?

THE water that fed Pharaoh's gardens falls somewhere today as rain. We say of certain things that they have been destroyed, but science knows that nothing is destroyed—it is only changed.

A cube of ice inside an air-tight jar can be changed to water and again changed to gas, so that it seems to have disappeared; but every atom that composed it remains inside the jar. Consider, then, the universe in which we live. Whether or not it has a limit is beyond understanding. Our minds cannot conceive of a universe that extends to certain limits and there comes to an end. What could lie beyond? It is like asking ourselves what was here before the creation. To ponder over it is to invite madness.

But this much seems logical and clear. No matter when or how the universe was created or came into being, it included within its boundaries the germ of everything that now exists. How could anything new be added to the universe if there is no outside place from which it could come? How could anything be taken from the universe if there is no other place to take it?

There could be and is constant change. Stars could divide and planets form; the form and nature of animals and plants could be altered by changing conditions; but somewhere in the universe, on earth or in the space between suns and planets, there would remain every atom and electron, and every capacity and possibility that was enclosed within the universe at its creation. The atom that once was part of a mammoth's tusk would still remain in use—as part of an ancient tree, perhaps, or as part of a new machine.

If that is true, and logic insists that it must be true, what shall you say of life? Can life be destroyed if nothing else can be? Is it reasonable to suppose that life, the miraculous seed of the universe, is alone unprotected by universal law? No man knows what life is, but it is a power, an energy, an electric something that is part of the equipment of the universe. To what place, then, can it disappear?

In the balanced economy of the Creator's plan, nothing is destroyed or wasted. And if the immortal atom is used again and again throughout the ages, why doubt that the more vital something called life remains somewhere to serve the Creator's plans again?

—Robert Quillen from *Sunshine Magazine.*

WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

PAL

BEN DILLON with his dog beside him was sitting on the shore of the creek that ran past the back yard of his home. Now and then he threw some twigs into the water and watched them float down the stream. They seemed to chase each other, like ships, but never quite touched.

Pal trotted down the bank and perked up an ear inquiringly as he gazed at the floating branches with interest. Ben picked up a stick a foot long, tossed it into the water with a splash and called to Pal, "Go get it." The dog was on the alert at once and searched his master's face to be sure of his meaning.

"Go get it," Ben repeated, pointing an enlightening finger at the bit of wood drifting with the current.

Pal understood and darted off, plunging into the stream without hesitation. He was a good swimmer, keeping his head well above water as he paddled after the floating stick. Soon he had it in his mouth and scrambled up the bank, when he laid the prize at the boy's feet.

"Good Pal, good old scout," praised Ben, taking the wet dog in his arms and patting his head proudly. "Want to do it again?" he asked presently, looking about him. "Here's a good one. Now go get it," he directed.

The exploit was repeated several times when Ben declared Pal must be tired and hungry.

"You deserve a treat so we'll go to the house and see what we can find," he promised.

As they were about to start, Guy and Clarence Clark came scampering into the yard with a strange dog.

"Where did you get him? Is he yours?" Ben asked.

"Yes, he's ours," answered Guy, "and he's a present from Uncle James."

"He's a good-looking dog," said Ben.

"He's handsome!" declared Clarence.

"No handsomer than Pal," declared Ben.

"Ho!" scoffed Guy; "Pal is only a mongrel, and this is a Scotch collie. We call him Scotty, and he knows his name already. It don't take a good dog like him long to learn anything."

"Pal isn't so slow, either," said Ben, loyally. "Of course, you like Scotty because he's yours, but I wouldn't trade for anything!"

Guy and Clarence trotted on after their new treasure, and Ben went to the house.

"I don't care if you are a mongrel, Pal," he confided. "I love your black coat and silky ears and you have the prettiest face of any dog I know, even a Scotch collie. I know where I can find a bone for you."

The next day Ben and Pal were playing ball when Guy appeared with Scotty trotting by his side. In each hand he carried a beautifully painted boat. "Let's go over to the pond and sail these, shall we?" he invited.

"Oh, I'd like to go," exclaimed Ben. "Wait till I ask Mother." He dashed into the house and was back in a moment. "Yes, Mother says I can go if I'll keep out of the water," he informed Guy.

"I can't go in the water, either. Mother says it's too deep," responded Guy.

Away the boys went, their dogs trotting along like two chums behind them. The pond was a place where the creek widened and deepened and was a fine place to sail a boat. The boys were enjoying themselves hugely when suddenly the heavy cord which Guy held, slipped out of his hand and was out of reach in a second.

"Oh, I've dropped the rope and my boat will be lost!" he cried. "Do you suppose we could get it with a pole?"

"I don't see any long enough, do you?" replied Ben. "I believe Pal can bring it in." Hastily pulling in the boat he was towing, he called to his dog.

"Here, Pal, go get it," Ben coaxed. Pal's glance leaped from Ben's face, along his pointing finger and out on the water. Only a moment he hesitated to be sure of his master's meaning, then

down he sprang into the water, heading straight for the runaway boat.

Reaching it, he tried to grasp it in his teeth and after failing, he started to return without it.

"Get, Pal; go get it," urged Ben.

Pal cast an appraising look at the awkward burden he was asked to carry, then spying the dangling rope, he seized it in his teeth with a good grip and started toward the shore. Bravely, he paddled with a sure, steady stroke, never losing his hold on the rope once till he landed safely on the bank, and the boat was safe.

Ben handed the small cable over to Guy and gave his dog such a welcome that he wriggled so frantically with joy he almost rattled. Guy, too, praised the hero, and hugged him adoringly, while Scotty sat on the hill eyeing the scene solemnly.

"I'll never call you a mongrel again," Guy told Pal. "You're a prince of a dog, Pal; a perfect prince!"

—Adapted by *Sunshine Magazine* from ROSE E. PARMELE in *Boston Beacon.*

TOY TOWN

ONCE upon a time the Wubbins, who was a small person with copper-colored hair and blue eyes, climbed into the silver boat that comes at night and sailed away over the sky until he came to Toy Town, the place where the shiny painted wooden toys lived.

The streets were wonderfully clean and tidy, and each one was named after the trees planted along the side-walks. One was called Chestnut Walk, because it was bright with spreading chestnuts—each tree covered with tall white and pink flowers, like candles—beautifully painted they were! The next one was Poplar Road, for it had poplars standing stiff and straight; another was Peach Blossom Avenue, and the Wubbins just couldn't decide which he liked the best, they were all so pretty. All the wooden houses were painted in the jolliest colors, reds and yellows and blues and purples—in fact, all the colors of the rainbow seemed to have been used by the dwellers of Toy Town.

One little white cottage, with a deep blue roof, pleased the Wubbins so much that he stood at the gate and chuckled at it, it looked so friendly! Inside the green fence was a trim little garden with dear little pots of shiny flowers dotted here and there. As he stood looking, the door opened and out popped a little wooden man with a smiling face. He had on a tall black hat, a red coat with black buttons and blue trousers. He trotted down to the gate, opened it and said, "Come along in and have a look round, won't you? I've a farmyard at the back."

Up the path they went, following it along the side of the cottage and when they arrived at the farmyard the Wubbins simply jumped for joy! Here were running about tiny yellow ducklings that could flap their wings and nod their heads and among them were wee gold and black chicks. There were cows and horses, long-bearded goats and small gray donkeys. The Wubbins would have liked to have taken them all home, so that he could play with them!

"No," said the wooden man, shaking his head and smiling, "they have to stay here. But I know some nice ones you have at home anyway. A great big painted wooden rocking-horse, and a little red chair and a red and yellow truck. But you come along and pay me a visit whenever you like!"

As he spoke, he seemed to get smaller and smaller, and suddenly the Wubbins was in the Night Boat, flying along past the stars . . . and then it was morning and the sun was shining in at the window and he could hear Daddy whistling in the garden. Time to get up and be dressed and start another lovely day!

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Take Joy home
And make a place in thy great heart for her,
And give her time to grow, and cherish her;
It is a comely fashion to be glad,
Joy is the grace we say to God.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

AN INSPIRATION

Let me do my work each day; and if the darkened hours of despair overcome me may I not forget the strength that comforted me in the desolation of other times. May I still remember the bright hours which found me walking over the silent hills of my childhood or dreaming on the margin of the quiet river, when a light glowed within me, and I promised my early God to have courage amidst the tempests of the changing years. Spare me from bitterness and the sharp passions of unguarded moments. May I not forget that poverty and riches are of the spirit. Though the world know me not, may my thoughts and actions be such that shall keep me friendly with myself. Lift my eyes from the earth and let me not forget the uses of the stars. Forbid that I should judge others, lest I condemn myself. Let me not follow the clamor of the world, but walk calmly in my own path. Give me a few friends who will love me for what I am, and keep ever burning before my vagrant steps the kindly light of hope. And though age and infirmity overtake me and I come not within reach of the earth of my dreams, teach me still to be thankful for life and for time's olden memories that are good and sweet, and may the evening's twilight find me gentle still. —*Selected.*

The Harvard club received rather a nice little note the other day from a gentleman in Brooklyn. "Dear Sirs," it said, "I am interested in your club. Kindly send me some information about its functions."

The secretary is still trying to draft a suitable reply.—*New Yorker.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

MISS ANNA E. SIBLEY, *Chairman*, 82 Browne Street, Brookline, Mass.
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Meetings at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, at 10.30 A.M. the first Friday of each month from October to May inclusive.

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, and to give to those living far from a church some of the inspiration of the printed word by the publication of one good sermon, or similar article in each issue of the *Cheerful Letter Magazine.* Only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed upon by all churches are printed.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To establish Circulating Libraries in isolated communities, schools, and colleges in rural and mountain districts where public libraries and other educational privileges are not available.

WHERE TO WRITE

Letters containing subscriptions to the paper, fifty cents a year, and *money from the Sunshine Bags* should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

Letters asking for correspondents and appeals to be printed in the *Cheerful Letter Magazine, also letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Miss Ethel H. Studley, 56 School Street, Hingham, Mass. Anyone, young or old, who is unable to continue work at an educational center may become a correspondent.

Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries should be sent to Mrs. Samuel Johnson, *Chairman,* 56 Hinckley Road, Milton, Mass. A Circulating Library will be started in any small community that is in need of one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references given.

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